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THE HOUSE OF NUMBERS.

NATURE nowhere shows her partiality more remarkably than in the very different proportions in which she deals out the ever-succeeding new generation of our race amongst those who are to bring them up. Her average is ascertained to be four and a half children—for statisticians are Solomons in this respect at least, that they never scruple to halve a child—her average, I say, is four and a half children to each couple, and a very fair and reasonable burden this would make, if it were a uniform case, barring, indeed, that the half-child, even though not quite left without a single leg to stand upon, might be rather troublesome to set up in life. But anything like this happy medium—by which I mean four or five—is unfortunately not more frequent of occurrence than almost any other number under twice the amount. Nature, indeed, evidently despises the average of the statisticians. To some she gives six, seven, eight, and so on; to others, three, two, one. Nay, it is not uncommon for her—though this is what a friend of mine, who has twelve, never could understand—to give not even one. This friend and I once reckoned up above a dozen couples of our common acquaintance who were in this state of double blessedness; all of them professedly most happy and contented in their having been spared the cares, toil, and expense of a family, although vexed every day of their lives at the way in which their friends managed their young flocks, so different from the way in which they knew children ought to be managed; so that it might be said their only source of regret was in the accident which had placed the rising generation in the hands of the only people not qualified to rear them. But this again is nothing. The strange thing is, that nature should keep our dozen friends so perfectly exempt from their share of this duty towards society, while to others she deals such a tissue of issue, as make poor men think of such quotations as—

"Another and another! Will they stretch on
Unto the crack of doom!"

or of such venerable and veritable proverbs as, "It never rains but it pours," and all that sort of thing.

My friend—I may as well say at once that it is my cousin John Balderstone—sometimes groans under what he calls his visitation of children; but he is such a happy-tempered fellow, that I cannot doubt that his groans are much more in jest than in earnest. Indeed, I rather think he likes to have a joke now and then at himself and his spouse on the score, as he himself would say, of their score. For instance, he professes that they are pelted with children. He speaks of the population of his house. The very children themselves, he alleges, wonder at their own numbers. He had a feeling of alarm, he declares, at every fresh addition up to the sixth; but after that, custom hardened him a little; and ever since the eighth, he has been perfectly indurated. Mrs John, for her part, takes things quite as easily, being entirely of that quiet good temper which one somehow expects in a lady who has had a large family. John often raises a laugh about her anti-Malthusian

qualifications, at which she only turns to him one of those placid smiles which speak so much more than words between such as are happily united, and then peaceably resumes her attention to a nameless little garment, which I half believe she has never ceased hemming for the last ten years.

One of John's jokes about his multitudinous state is, that he and other persons in the like circumstances are designed as beacons to give young men in their quadrilling days a salutary caution on the subject of matrimony—at least not to enter upon their matrimonial, till they are pretty sure about their patrimonial state. It is, he says, a kind of final cause for enormous families. Nature—so runs his argument—desires that the population should not increase too fast for subsistence. Were all families moderate in number, thoughtless youth might be encouraged to rush to the temple of Hymen in too great numbers. As a warning, she here and there plants a couple whom she oppresses with a burden of blessings absolutely overwhelming. Young men, seeing such a tremendous risk before them, think it best to keep cool, and go out to India. Syllogistic as this appears, I suspect it to be fallacious at bottom, for, as far as I can see, John and Susan are anything but miserable under their load. Whenever I happen to be in their house, I find it the seat of good humour and comfort; nor is there even more noise or confusion than (let me speak good-naturedly) is bearable. My reasoning rather is, that the polypedic state, as John sometimes calls it, is in itself an evidence (though the converse of the rule may not hold) of the presence of the chief elements of happiness in a house, as health, good temper, sufficiency; for it is never found in any station of life where these do not exist; so that the idea of its being a source of vexation or an oppression may be said to be self-refuted. And I think I shall be able to make good this point before quitting my pen.

John's own constant jocularly on the subject serves to convince me that he at least feels his charge but lightly. Spending a night lately in his house, and getting up rather early, I met him in the staircase, when he told me he would show me a sight. He then led me along a passage, at the end of which was an apartment which I recognised as the nursery, from the school-like murmur of little voices which proceeded from it. There, upon a long table, was ranged, in two rows, a series of shoes of almost all sizes, reminding me very much of the stalls for the sale of such articles second-hand, which are to be seen in the humbler parts of our city. "John, what a bill this speaks of," said I. He only laughed, and then led me to a window commanding a view of his washing-green, where I saw such ropefuls of little petticoats, and little stockings, as were perfectly bewildering. I held up my hands in astonishment: John only laughed once more. We took a short walk, and returned to breakfast, when my ears were saluted by a confused noise proceeding from a side-room. "What is that?" said I. "Oh," said he, "only the meal mob." The mystery and the phrase were explained together, when he opened a door and showed me a multitude of little

ones proceeding to plant themselves at a table on which was ranged a double row of dishes containing the porridge which may be said to form our national breakfast, while at each end stood a tureenful of milk, flanked by a pile of spoons. "Mob truly," thought I, as the creatures pushed about for their places, all eagerness to fall on; while two or three of the smallest, over-set in the hurry, set up a squall, quickly stilled by the soothing care of the attendants, by whom these minuter fry were taken upon knee to be fed. Some ten or a dozen faces were now turned upon me with a comic expression, as if to inquire what I thought of the scene; nor could I help observing that the very same burlesque interrogation reigned in the blithe visage of my friend and host. "John, have you insured upon your life?" was my question as we left the room. "Oh, all right there, my boy," said he. No more passed. The humour and the wisdom involved in these few words were alike understood between us. Our own breakfast, at which Mrs Balderstone presided, all smiles and white dymity, passed as quietly as if there had been no children in the house, a fact which I could not help remarking; when the lady said, "Why, it would be grievous, indeed, if a large family were necessarily to insure that the parents were never to be free for one moment from its turmoils. A little management, where the means at all exist, should give them exemption at the times when it is desirable, and particularly when they have a friend living with them." "Yes," said John, "it is quite a point of pride with us that no one shall ever have occasion to say that we are bores with our children. If they are a cumber, they shall be so only to ourselves." These remarks piqued me into asking to see the family after the things should be removed; which, however, was no sacrifice on my part, as I am fond of children generally, and have a few friendships among John's in particular. "The first battalion might be enough," insinuated my friend, by which I knew he meant all down to a particular point where there was a gap of full two years, the only such interval in the family. "No," said I, "the whole regiment, since we are at it." "What, all my pretty ones!" cried he with Macduff's start; "did you say all?" "I have said," quoth I, carrying on the quotation. "My dear, shall we turn on the children just now? I fear it may be too much for our friend; but the blame be upon his own head."

Orders were given, and, in a wonderfully brief space of time, in trooped the whole multitude, all as clean and smart as possible, and all looking supremely healthy and cheerful; the youngest of all coming, like a postscript, in its nurse's arms, a minute after the rest, and looking with that I-don't-know-what-it's-all-about-ishness peculiar to little babies in the midst of a bustle. "Well, here you have the entire school of them," said John—"for I think this word far more applicable to a family like ours than it is to an assembly of whales." "Happy, happy, happy pair!" said I; "thrice happy and more, by which I suppose it may be implied that you have what might make rather more than three couples happy—mayn't it?" "To be candid," said John, "I could have wished before that the lot had been to be distributed amongst three or any larger number, instead of being concentrated upon one; but what I think now is quite a different question." Here I had him again for my argument.

It was amusing now to see how the multitude grouped itself out into separate parts, according to ages, sexes, and those peculiar ever-shifting associations of preference which exist amongst all children living together. A set of boys ranging from eight to thirteen got by themselves to a window, where they whispered, looked shy, and finally, when they had got a little confidence, burst into a great laugh. Two or three misses of similar standing ranged themselves modestly beside the maternal stalk, whence alone, it appeared, they could look at me with any degree of composure. But the drollest part of the business was the behaviour of a lot of very

young female rosebuds, among which was included, as by some mistake, one very tiny boy—sing hay ho the wind and the rain. The foregone conclusion, as to the footing on which these creatures stood with papa, was quickly shown by the *abandon* with which they literally precipitated themselves upon him where he sat, the first in hand seizing him round the neck, and kissing him violently, the next seizing his arms, legs, and every other available part, while one left-over miss and the little boy could only crouch outside the fluttering struggling mass, in hopes of finding an inlet to my good friend's person by and by. The whole scene reminded me very much of "Philoprogenitiveness" in the inimitable George Cruikshank's illustrations of Phrenology, where an honest Hibernian, stretched back in an arm-chair, is barnacled all over with little ones in a similar manner. Only a few murmurs of affected displeasure could be heard from John for some time; but at length, by dint of considerable exertion, he, Gulliver-like, emancipated an arm, by the gentle use of which he in time contrived to obtain at least the means of breathing freely, when he exclaimed, "Ye preposterous creatures, I declare I've spoilt ye all!" "So all the proper people would say, and probably do," said Mrs Balderstone; adding, "but I never can think that spoiling which gains the unlimited affection of one's own children;" and I could see a rather more than usual moistness in her eye as she spoke. As this was quite a sentiment of my own, I expressed my hearty wish that all young people could say they were spoilt in the same way. I was now told, what I could have easily surmised, that all the children of this family were regularly taken in charge by papa at about a year and a half old, and made his playmates till they were eight or nine, his whole conduct towards them during this period being so unreservedly on the level of their own sportive inclinations, that he became the greatest possible favourite with them. It was his system, as Dr O'Toole would have said. "Once let me persuade my children to love me," he privately remarked to myself, speaking for once in downright earnest, "and I'll defy them to be disobedient or vexatious. And to make them love me, what but constant kindness from me to them can be necessary? Depend upon it, sir, when parents are not objects of affection to their children, it is their own blame; for it is the nature of the relation to dispose the younger party to affection, and, if the means are taken at all, the result is certain." Alas! how much unhappiness arises from acting contrary to this simple philosophy!

As it was a holiday, and the children were therefore to stay at home, John expressed a wish to hear them sing some of their last-acquired songs. Accordingly, Mrs Balderstone, in her usual complying way, seated herself at a piccolo piano-forte which they keep in the dining-room, and accompanied a group of sweet choristers in several simple ditties, which, as they seem particularly well adapted for children, I take leave to recommend to family notice.* All, even to the youngest, were correct in tune; and though now and then a very little miss would contrive to wander half a bar astray in time, the general effect was delightful. "Quite an independent concert power you will have in your family-circle by and by, John," said I. "Yes, for a time it may be so," answered he; "but when the basses begin to go off to professions or colonies, I fear the tenors and trebles will sing rather small. However, don't let us anticipate evil." Dancing succeeded, partly elegant, partly grotesque; and such a blithesome floor I have rarely seen. But why protract a description which must have already convinced the reader that, in this instance at least, an enormous family is no evil. Suffice it to say, that I left my worthy cousin that morning with much more serious thoughts of Laura than I had entertained any time for the previous six months, and very much inclined to think that love and a flat (the

* They are entitled, Mrs Kingston's Vocal Music for the Young.

Edinburgh equivalent for a cottage) might do very well to begin with, always trusting that Providence would promote us in good time to a front door. How long this set of ideas is to hold away over me, I could not take it upon me to say distinctly; but I feel them to be pretty firm for the present, and intend to ask the young lady to the exhibition to-morrow, which, as John would say, looks violently symptomatic. We shall see.

HYDROCYANIC ACID—A REMEDY FOR BLINDNESS.

Is the summer of last year, while residing for a month in London, no subject of interest which the metropolis presents engaged so large a share of my attention as one which now, after considerable deliberation, I propose explaining to the reader of these pages, on the score of public duty. I allude to a series of personal examinations which I made respecting the validity of certain alleged cures and meliorations of blindness, performed by Dr Turnbull of Russel Square, chiefly by means of hydrocyanic acid. It is proper to say why an unprofessional person should have considered it at all necessary to devote time to the investigation of a subject of this nature.

The first time I heard anything of Dr Turnbull's operations on the eye, was through an article in the *Literary Gazette* of June 12, 1842, from which, on the credit of that print, and simply for the sake of conveying what appeared a piece of curious scientific information to the public, an extract was made into the present *Journal* (No. 546). There, in all probability, the matter might have rested, but for what seemed an unreasonable attack from a contemporary, calling in question the truth of the statements in the *Journal*, and protesting against the injury they were likely to accomplish. Having sinned in ignorance, if they had sinned at all, the editors of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* resolved to embrace the first convenient opportunity of investigating, personally, what was evidently a two-sided subject, and of forming their own opinion. No doubt this was a hazardous resolution, for, unacquainted with the state of ocular surgery, they might possibly be misled by appearances, and give credence to what was in reality a fallacy. Nevertheless, with a determination to exercise caution in a matter so intricate, to sift the evidence presented, and to judge only from facts, they hoped to satisfy themselves whether the allegations against them rested on a basis of truth or prejudice. This opportunity happily occurred, as has been said, in the summer of the past year, when one of the editors, the present writer, was for a few weeks in the metropolis.

To descend to the first person—One of the earliest of my movements after arriving in town was to wait upon Dr Turnbull and explain the object of my visit. This was no sooner announced, than that gentleman professed his willingness to give me every information respecting his practice in cases of blindness, to explain all that seemed puzzling or difficult, and to submit his patients freely to every sort of examination which I chose to institute. "What time," said I, "do your gratis patients attend?" "Thrice a-week, at nine in the morning." "Then I shall be in attendance at that time during my stay in London." I did so, and every alternate morning found me on my way up Tottenham Court Road, towards Russel Square, where the subjects of my inquiry were congregated.

The cases chiefly brought under my notice were those of from thirty to forty poor people, in different states of

blindness, and whose condition I could progressively observe. Some of the cases were among those which had been already made known in the *Literary Gazette*; others were more recent. In either instance, the parties showed no reluctance to tell me the story of their maladies, and submitted with patience to my repeated examinations and cross-questionings. One by one they were brought from an adjoining room into the surgery, and operated upon in my presence. I shall here describe, as clearly as possible, the principle on which the doctor professes to act. Some years ago, according to his own account, having remarked that the eyes of persons who had destroyed themselves by hydrocyanic or prussic acid remained clear and dilated, he considered that the acid exerted a specific action upon the eye, which might be made available as a medical agent for relieving many of the diseases to which that organ is subject. After a few cautious experiments, he became assured of the truth of his conjectures, and began to apply the vapour of this powerful acid to the eyes of persons afflicted with blindness, and with surprising effect. As far as I have comprehended his explanations, the vapour acts both as a stimulant and sedative. By exciting the small blood-vessels to a great degree, the languid circulation is roused into activity; and nature, no longer shackled by the morbid affection, hastens to restore the organ to its normal condition, and sight is the consequence. Subsequent experiments showed to Dr Turnbull that the practice might be advantageously varied, to suit different cases, were he to employ other agents, as the vapour of chloroacetic acid, sulphuretted chalybeic acid, and chloruret of iodine. Each of these, therefore, he now uses in a small phial with a glass stopper, and with a mouth shaped to cover the hollow of the eye. In the bottle containing the hydrocyanic acid, in order to prevent any dangerous consequences from accidentally spilling the liquid, he puts some pieces of asbestos to act as a sponge; the use of it is hence quite safe, care only being taken not to allow the patient to smell it. The same thing is done with respect to the chloroacetic acid.

Having received these preliminary explanations, it became important for me to understand upon what kinds of blindness the vapour of these acids might be most advantageously directed. The cases submitted to my inspection were various in their nature—opacity of the cornea, rheumatic ophthalmia, staphyloma, or projecting sloughed eye, amaurosis, cataract, and some others. On some of these the operations with the hydrocyanic acid and other vapours were, from what I could observe, more efficacious than others. The first case of more than ordinary interest which I shall mention was that of Diana Primrose. A number of years ago, as this woman told me, her eyes became afflicted with ophthalmia; they were swollen, inflamed, and so blind, that she could only distinguish light, and she required to be led by a guide; to aggravate her complaint, the eyelashes would grow no other way but inwards. The pains in her head were very severe. She attended several hospitals and institutions in the hope of finding relief, but without the least benefit. On one occasion, a surgeon cut away a portion of the upper lid of the left eye, and many of her eyelashes were from time to time pulled out. From less to more, the poor creature became a spectacle of horror to all who saw her; and her existence was a burden which she would willingly have resigned. At length she visited Dr Turnbull, who, by applying his usual medical agents, suppressed the virulence of the complaint; the hitherto refractory eyelashes began to grow as nature designed them, outwards; and now there seemed little the matter with her, except a redness of the eyelids, and a dimness in the organs of vision. She said she could now see

pretty well; she could read large print, walk about without a guide, the pains in her head were gone, and she was able to support herself by her industry; in proof of this, she brought forward a basket of coloured worsted articles, by the knitting of which she earns a livelihood. She expressed a lively gratitude for her restoration to sight, and the last time I saw her she was advancing towards a perfect recovery.

Of the cases of staphyloma, or projecting eye, with opacity of the cornea, none interested me more than that of a little girl, by name Georgina Larkins. This sweet-tempered child became blind when she was six days old, in consequence of an attack of inflammation. Referring to the professional history of her case, already before the public, it is sufficient for me here to mention, that all the ordinary means for restoring sight proved, in her case, unavailing; and that, in April 1840, she was brought to Dr Turnbull, a ghastly object—the left eye projecting to twice the natural dimensions, and of a general blue colour, with a white body resembling a mother-of-pearl button in the centre; while the right eye was white, without any appearance of iris or pupil. The case was as hopeless as could well be imagined, yet to it the doctor set with his applications, beginning by putting a drop of castor oil into each eye, and occasionally substituting for the castor oil the oil of almonds. By this treatment, in two months he diminished the size of both eyes, and so much decreased the opacity of the right eye, that the pupil made its appearance, and the child began to see, and to be able to walk alone. After an interval in attendance, caused by the doctor's absence from town, during which nothing was done for her, she returned in 1842, when the vapour of the hydrocyanic acid was regularly applied to both eyes. This mode of treatment still further reduced the size of the left eye, bringing it within the compass of the eyelids, and finally diminished the right eye to a proper size, besides greatly strengthening its power of vision. She had attended a school for the blind, where she learned to read raised letters by touch; but now that she is able to see, she reads equally well by the eye as the fingers. I tried her both ways, and think the eye had the best of it; she read passages in a volume which I took from my pocket with facility and propriety. While the right eye had, thus far advanced, leaving comparatively little to be done to it, the left eye was gradually losing its whitish opacity; the blue pupil was shining out; and, supposing the cure to go no farther, the orb was becoming less offensive in its general appearance—a matter of some consequence to a face otherwise far from unpleasant. When I last saw this child, her health was greatly better than it had been in her days of total and hopeless blindness.

The removal of sloughs or opacities of the cornea was shown in various other cases; a person who had been blind in the right eye for twenty years, said he now could see with it. Many entered and left the room by their own unaided sight, who told me they could not formerly walk without a guide. At one time there used to be nearly as many "leaders" in attendance as blind people; now, few of these are required. As soon as one gets a glimmering of sight, he begins to act as a guide to others, and thus "the blind leading the blind" is no longer a mere figure in rhetoric.

That opacities in the external coating of the eye should be removable by a pungent and active vapour, is much less surprising than that such applications should at all affect cases of cataract, which resembles a pearly matter *within* the eye, and therefore removed considerably from the proximate action of the vapour from the acid. Several cases of this form of blindness were brought under my notice, as having been partially meliorated by the process; but, on the whole, I think the doctor was less successful in this department than in others. The cure, if it be possible, is evidently tedious; but as cataract is removable by couching, a want of success with the external applications is perhaps the less to be regretted.

Some cases of amaurosis interested me not a little. Amaurosis, it is proper to explain, is that form of blindness in which the eyes appear sound to an observer, but are really incapable of vision. The defect arises from paralysis of the optic nerve, or the branches of the fifth pair of nerves; or sometimes from disease of the brain itself. The restoration of sight in such cases, particularly if of a confirmed nature, has hitherto been considered hopeless by the profession. Dr Turnbull entertains a very different opinion. He believes the complaint to be removable by stimulating the nerves and the circulation in the neighbourhood of the eye. This he does in two ways; first, by applying the vapour of hydrocyanic acid to the ball of the eye, in the manner already described; and second, by the application of essential oils, diluted in alcohol, to the forehead; warmth, increased circulation, absorption, and action, are the consequence. By treatment of this kind, I found several patients so far recovered from their amaurosis, as to be able to read by sight any book put before them.

Sophia Brown, a milliner, told me she had been quite blind with amaurosis, and had been dismissed as past remedy by all the medical men to whom she applied. But by her attendance on Dr Turnbull for seven months, her sight is gradually coming back; she can now see objects, though not distinctly, and can walk without a guide. I left her with sight improving and general health greatly better. Sophia Townsend, who had been blind with amaurosis in the left eye, for which nothing could be done of the least value by the medical men in whose hands she had been, could now, after three months' applications, see so well with that eye, as to be able to read with it. To satisfy myself still further as to the possibility of assuaging amaurosis by the external stimulants, I sent for a person named John Plunket, formerly an attorney's clerk, who for several years had been so blind with amaurosis, as to be led about by his children. This man told me that his left eye had been destroyed by operations, and therefore Dr Turnbull addressed himself only to the right. By repeated applications of essential oils to the forehead, his sight in this undestroyed eye gradually recovered. This recovery took place four years ago, and his sight was still improving by weekly applications. He read a book which I produced, and is desirous of employment as a clerk. This was a very satisfactory case of recovery from amaurosis, but perhaps not more so than another, that of Eleanor McCartney, a poor Irishwoman in St Giles' workhouse, Holborn. Guided by Mrs Bailey, the respectable matron of this institution, I was conducted to the couch of this bed-ridden pauper, whose neat and cleanly appearance, as she sat up in bed, bespoke a declension from better days. Eleanor told her case in few words. About the year 1829 she became quite blind in the right eye, and deaf in the right ear, from an attack of paralysis, in which state she remained till 1835, when Dr Turnbull, by his applications, restored her sight and hearing in a week, and she had retained both ever since. Mrs Bailey corroborated all the poor woman said. At my request she read a few passages with the formerly blind eye from a devotional work lying by her bed-side. This quite satisfied me.

In one of my latest visits to Dr Turnbull's, I saw for the first time a case of conical eye, a form of disease which I understand has hitherto been considered as incurable as amaurosis. In this disorder the eye projects to an obtuse point, with a brilliant speck in front, as if a small piece of crystal were laid upon the cornea. By the action of the vapour, the speck in this case was disappearing, and the sight coming back.

Sometimes I was permitted to see patients moving in the higher spheres of life; but their cases were usually of a more simple and less painful nature than the others. One of the most interesting of this class was that of a gentleman who complained of having ever present in one of his eyes a small speck, which marred the field

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of vision. He mentioned, however, that there was no actual speck in the organ, that it was a mere spectrum, which, greatly to his surprise, had been impressed on the retina after he had on one occasion been looking intently through a telescope, in which a speck happened to be on one of the lenses. The mention of this remarkable apparition recalled to Dr Turnbull's memory some analogous cases which he recounted. "I remember," said he, "on the occasion of the annular eclipse of the sun a few years ago, that several people with weak and over-susceptible eyes, even although sheltered by smoked glass, received impressions which remained for a length of time. One gentleman called on me to say, that he could not, night or day, get the eclipse out of his eye. Wherever he looked, there the bright ring of the sun, with the darkened moon in the centre, was present. I could not, unfortunately, relieve him from his apparitionary tormentor, for I had not then discovered the mode of treatment I now pursue." This curious case of abiding spectrum was paralleled by another which was mentioned, that of a gentleman who, from having one day looked fixedly at a print of the Lord's prayer the size of a sixpence, received the impression of it on the retina, where, to his annoyance, it remained ever present to his sense of vision. After a little conversation on the cause of such singularities, the gentleman who was affected with the small speck was subjected to the ordinary applications; but having left town before any decided melioration was effected, I am unable to say what was the result.

Here my personal observations may be considered as having drawn to a close, leaving the conviction on my mind, that the account given of Dr Turnbull's operations on the eye was substantially correct, and that by means of the vapour of prussic acid, and other stimulants, applied in the manner I have described, sight will in many cases be restored, when, as I have reason to believe, all the ordinary forms of counter-irritation and stimulus fail. I can at least say, that in every instance I judged for myself, and entirely with a reference to the elucidation of truth. I took the histories of the patients from their own mouths, and have no reason to suppose they had any intention to deceive, or were themselves deceived by imaginary feelings. I could not, indeed, for a moment entertain the idea that they were anything but what they plainly appeared; persons for the most part in humble circumstances, eager to be relieved from a great bodily affliction, and thankful for the relief they had already experienced.

Having thus received what I believed to be the most credible testimony respecting the efficacy, and, I may add, the simplicity and safety of Dr Turnbull's applications to the eye, I felt satisfied that, in copying the account from the Literary Gazette, these pages had not been stained by giving currency to anything like imposture; at the same time, from the extraordinary unwillingness of the medical world to believe a single word respecting the powers of prussic acid to meliorate blindness, I deemed it necessary to be cautious in making any fresh statement on the subject. On my arrival in Edinburgh, therefore, after a journey on the continent in the interval, I submitted my experiences to a medical friend, Alexander Miller, Esq., fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, with a request that he would gratify me by giving Dr Turnbull's form of application a fair trial. Having kindly consented to my wish, this gentleman first tried the vapour of prussic acid in a bottle prepared by Dr Turnbull for the purpose, upon one of his patients, a boy, who was affected with opacity of the cornea in one of his eyes. Greatly to his delight, and mine also, and much more so to the parents of the child, the boy, after being blind, was restored to sight after a few applications. The following is Mr Miller's account of the case:—

38 BUCCLEUCH PLACE, Edinburgh, 26th Nov. 1843.

My Dear Sir—Having, at your desire, undertaken to ascertain the effect of the application of the vapour of

hydrocyanic acid in certain affections of the eye, I beg to furnish you with the results I have observed during the short time I have been engaged with this important investigation. The first case in which I employed the vapour is the only one that I will detail at any length, as it is much further advanced towards recovery than any of the others; in fact, the cure may be said to be all but completed. It was a case of opacity of the cornea. A boy, J. C., æt. 7, of a strumous habit, and of a strumous family, in the summer of 1842 suffered from an attack of small-pox, before recovering from which he was seized with measles. During these attacks both eyes were affected with inflammation, which continued more or less severe for nearly twelve months, notwithstanding the constant employment of remedies, the right eye suffering more than the left: when the inflammation at last yielded, it was found that no disorganisation of the left eye had taken place, but that the right one had suffered to a very considerable extent; the cornea was found opaque to nearly four-fifths of its whole extent, the greatest opacity occupying the centre, and gradually diminishing towards the circumference; the only part not affected was the margin, where it joins the sclerotic. The effect of this opacity of the cornea was to impede vision completely, so that the boy could not, with the affected eye, distinguish one object from another; all that he could do was to discern light from darkness. Such was the state of matters for months previous to the 1st October last, when the hydrocyanic acid vapour was first applied. This I ascertained from personal observation before using the vapour. The hydrocyanic acid was applied according to the method recommended by Dr Turnbull of London, and by means of the apparatus procured by you from him. The immediate effect was an increased secretion of tears, redness of the conjunctiva and cornea; these instantly becoming covered with numerous small vessels, the eyelids also participating in the redness, their colour contrasting strangely with the surrounding paleness of the face. The boy declared he felt no pain, only an agreeable sensation of heat was produced. The application of the vapour has been repeated every second, third, or fourth day, as it was found convenient, so that in all it has been applied about twenty different times. The change upon the cornea has been not only remarkable, but most satisfactory; the opacity perceptibly diminishing after every application, until there now only remains the slightest haziness, which I am confident will also disappear after a few more applications. There has likewise been a corresponding improvement in the vision. From being unable to distinguish the largest objects, he now can discern the smallest.

Besides the above, I have employed the hydrocyanic acid vapour in upwards of twelve other cases of various affections of the eye, but in none for such a long period. They have all come under my care during the last two or three weeks, and have the disadvantage of being of much longer standing than the one detailed, and must necessarily require longer time before the beneficial effects are produced, many of these being cases of from fifteen to twenty years' standing. Still, from the improvement observed in several of these, where the affection is opacity of the cornea, I feel confident in assuring you that I look upon the vapour of the hydrocyanic acid as a most valuable remedy in all such affections. With regard to its effects in other diseases, such as amaurosis, cataract, &c., I cannot, as yet, speak from my own observation and experience. As I have some cases of these affections under treatment, I shall be happy to communicate the results to you as soon as I have given the remedy a fair trial. One important fact which I have been able to establish is, that there is not the slightest danger attending the application of the hydrocyanic acid—providing due caution is observed in doing so—even in cases of the most delicate and feeble constitution; for a more unhealthy subject could not be found than the boy whose case I have described.—I am yours truly,
ALEX. MILLER.

After receiving such assurances, any hesitation to publish the result of my inquiries seemed to me unjustifiable and pusillanimous. I now, therefore, submit the foregoing statements, with a confidence in their accuracy; and shall feel gratified if they in any way prove the means of inducing medical men to examine, apart from all private or personal considerations, into the merits of the discoveries and applications in question.

W. C.

"THE GIFT," AN AMERICAN ANNUAL.

ANNUALS, as we have more than once observed, have had their day in England. The idea of presenting an elegant packet of literature, as a New Year's gift, was good; but, like most good ideas, was spoiled, partly from the general trashiness of the literature, and partly from being completely overdone. A few of the earliest annuals still exist—have become perennials—while the greater number have languished and expired. We believe not more than one, out of many "guinea annuals," now keeps the field, notwithstanding the great efforts to maintain the more expensive class in existence by dint of satin, gilding, and every other attraction—literary merit alone excepted. Nearly vanished from among us, this imposing order of books has apparently settled, at least for a time, in the United States of America, where several are issued at the approach of every winter. The Americans, however, find it equally difficult to inspire their annuals with anything like vigour. The gilding, the binding, and the pictorial embellishments are unexceptionable, indeed highly tasteful; but the literature, for the most part, is as poor and lackadaisical as that of their British prototypes.

The best conducted, as it appears to us, of the American annuals, is "The Gift," a handsome octavo, in cream-coloured and finely gilt leather, published by Carey and Hart of Philadelphia. In this production for 1844, among not a little that is wire-drawn and weak, there are a few prose sketches more than usually smart for an annual, because they are evidently derived from observations of real character and circumstances, instead of imagination or romance. Among these pieces may be instanced one from the pen of the clever authoress of "A New Home," and some other tales illustrative of the raw and odd state of society in the Far West. As perhaps not six of our sixty thousand readers are likely ever to see the volume in question, we offer this piece in a slightly curtailed form, and which may be entitled—

WANTED, A SERVANT!

"Can't you let our folks have some eggs?" said Daniel Webster Larkins, opening the door, and putting in a little straw-coloured head and a pair of very mild blue eyes just far enough to reconnoitre; "can't you let our folks have some eggs? Our old hen don't lay nothing but chickens now, and mother can't eat pork, and she a'n't had no breakfast, and the baby a'n't drest, nor nothin'!"

"What is the matter, Webster? Where's your girl?" "Oh! we ha'n't no girl but father; and he's had to go 'way to-day to a raisin', and mother wants to know if you can't tell her where to get a girl?"

Poor Mrs Larkins! Her husband makes but an indifferent "girl," being a remarkably public-spirited person. The good lady is in very delicate health, and having an incredible number of little blue eyes constantly making fresh demands upon her time and strength, she usually keeps a girl when she can get one. When she cannot, which is unfortunately the larger part of the time, her husband dresses the children, mixes stir-cakes for the eldest blue eyes to bake on a griddle, which is never at rest, milks the cow, feeds the pigs, and then goes to his "business," which we have supposed to consist principally in helping at raisings, wood-bees, huskings, and such-like important

affairs; and "girl" hunting, the most important, and arduous, and profitless of all.

Yet it must be owned that Mr Larkins is a tolerable carpenter, and that he buys as many comforts for his family as most of his neighbours. The main difficulty seems to be, that "help" is not often purchasable. The very small proportion of our damsels who will consent to enter anybody's doors for pay, makes the chase after them quite interesting from its uncertainty; and the damsels themselves, subject to a well-known foible of their sex, become very coy from being over-courted. Such racing and chasing, and begging and praying, to get a girl for a month! They are often got for life with half the trouble. But to return.

Having an esteem for Mrs Larkins, and a sincere pity for the forlorn condition of "no girl but father," I set out at once to try if female tact and perseverance might not prove effectual in ferreting out a "help," though mere industry had not succeeded. For this purpose I made a list in my mind of those neighbours, in the first place, whose daughters sometimes condescended to be girls; and, secondly, of the few who were enabled by good luck, good management, and good pay, to keep them. If I failed in my attempts upon one class, I hoped for some new lights from the other. When the object is of such importance, it is well to string one's bow double.

In the first category stood Mrs Lowndes, whose forlorn log-house had never known door nor window; a blanket supplying the place of the one, and the other being represented by a crevice between the logs. Lifting the sooty curtain with some timidity, I found the dame with a sort of reel before her, trying to wind some dirty tangled yarn, and ever and anon kicking at a basket which hung suspended from the beam overhead by means of a strip of hickory bark. This basket contained a nest of rags, and an indescribable baby; and in the ashes on the rough hearth played several dingy objects, which, I suppose, had once been babies.

"Is your daughter at home now, Mrs Lowndes?"

"Well, yes; M'randy's to hum, but she's out now. Did you want her?"

"I came to see if she could go to Mrs Larkins, who is very unwell, and sadly in want of help."

"Miss Larkins' why, do tell? I want to know. Is she sick again?—and is her gal gone? Why, I want to know. I thought she had Lo-i-sy Paddon. Is Lo-i-sy gone?"

"I suppose so. You will let Mirandas go to Mrs Larkins, will you?"

"Well, I donnow but I would let her go for a spell, just to 'commode 'em. M'randy may go if she's a mind ter. She needn't live out unless she chooses. She's got a comfortable home, and no thanks to nobody. What wages do they give?" "A dollar a week." "Eat at the table?" "Oh, certainly." "Have Sundays?" "Why, no; I believe not the whole of Sunday; the children, you know—"

"Oh ho!" interrupted Mrs Lowndes with a most disdainful toss of the head, giving at the same time a vigorous impulse to the cradle; "if that's how it is, M'randy don't stir a step. She don't live nowhere if she can't come home Saturday night and stay till Monday morning."

I took my leave without farther parley, having often found this point the *sine qua non* in such negotiations. My next effort was at a pretty-looking cottage, whose overhanging roof and neat outer arrangements spoke of English ownership. The interior by no means corresponded with the exterior aspect, being even more bare than usual, and far from neat. The presiding power was a prodigious creature, who looked like a man in woman's clothes, and whose blazing face, ornamented here and there by great hair moles, spoke very intelligibly of the beer-barrel, if of nothing more exciting. A daughter of this virago had once lived in my family, and the mother met me with an air of defiance, as if she thought I had come with an accusation. When I un-

folded my errand, her *abode* softened a little, but she scornfully rejected the idea of her Lucy's living with any more Yankees.

"You pretend to think everybody alike," said she; "but when it comes to the pint, you're a sight more uppish and saasy than the r'al quality at home; and I'll see the whole Yankee race to—"

I made my exit without waiting for the conclusion of this complimentary observation; and the less reluctant, for having observed on the table the lower part of one of my own silver teaspoons, the top of which had been violently wrenched off. This spoon was a well-remembered loss during Lucy's administration, and I knew that Mrs Larkins had none to spare.

Unsuccessful thus far among the arbiters of our destiny, I thought I would stop at the house of a friend, and make some inquiries which might spare me farther rebuffs. On making my way by the little garden gate to the little library where I usually saw Mrs Stayner, I was surprised to find it silent and uninhabited. The windows were closed; a half-finished cap lay on the sofa, and a bunch of yesterday's wild-flowers upon the table. All spoke of desolation. The cradle—not exactly an appropriate adjunct of a library scene elsewhere, but quite so at the West—was gone, and the little rocking-chair was nowhere to be seen. I went on through parlour and hall, finding no sign of life, save the breakfast table still standing with crumbs undisturbed. Where bells are not known, ceremony is out of the question; so I penetrated even to the kitchen, where at length I caught sight of the fair face of my friend. She was bending over the bread-tray, and at the same time telling nursery-stories as fast as possible, by way of coaxing her little boy of four years old to rock the cradle which contained his baby sister.

"What does this mean?"

"Oh, nothing more than usual. My Polly took herself off yesterday without a moment's warning, saying she thought she had lived out about long enough; and poor Tom, our factotum, has the ague. Mr Stayner has gone to some place sixteen miles off, where he was told he might hear of a girl; and I am sole representative of the family energies. But you've no idea what capital bread I can make."

This looked rather discouraging for my quest; but knowing that the main point of table-companionship was the source of most of Mrs Stayner's difficulties, I still hoped for Mrs Larkins, who loved the closest intimacy with her "help," and always took them visiting with her. So I passed on for another effort at Mrs Randall's, whose three daughters had sometimes been known to lay aside their dignity long enough to obtain some much coveted article of dress. But here, also, I was unsuccessful, and went my way, crest-fallen and weary.

Thus baffled, it was for rest more than for inquiry that I turned my steps towards Mrs Clifford's modest dwelling; a house containing just rooms enough for decent comfort, yet inhabited by gentle breeding and feelings which meet but little sympathy in these rough walks. Mrs Clifford was a widow, bowed down by misfortune, and gradually sinking into a sort of desperate apathy, if we may be allowed such a term; a condition to which successive disappointments, and the gradual fading away of long-cherished hopes, will sometimes reduce proud yet honourable minds. [This poor lady had come from England with a son, Augustus, and two daughters, Rose and Anna; misfortunes had reduced the family; and now Augustus was gone to New York in quest of employment. When I entered the parlour (continues the authoress), two sheriff's officers were in the act of putting an execution on the property; and when they had departed, I invited Anna to visit me in the evening. She came, and referred to my inquiries as to a girl for Mrs Larkins.]

"It was a lucky thought that struck me when you said Mrs Larkins wanted a servant. It flashed upon me that in that way I might earn a pittance, however

small, on which mamma and Rose can subsist until we hear from Augustus. You see what these horrid debts come to, and we are absolutely without present resources. Ah, I see what you are going to say; but do not even speak of it. Mamma would rather die, I believe! Only get me in at Mrs Larkins's, and you shall see what a famous maid I'll make! I have learned so much since we came here! And I have arranged it all with Rose, that mamma shall never discover it. Mamma is a little deaf, you know, and does not hear casual observations, and Rose will take care that nobody tells her. Poor Rose cried a good deal at first; but she saw it was the best thing I could do for mamma, so she consented. She can easily do all that is needed at home, while my strong arms"—and here she extended a pair that Cleopatra might have envied, so round, so graceful, so perfect—"my strong arms can earn all the little comforts that are everything to poor mamma! Won't it be delightful? Oh, I shall be so happy! There is only one sad side. My mother will think—till Augustus returns—that I have selfishly flown from her trials;" and at the thought she burst into tears, for the remembrance of her mother's displeasure weighed sorely upon her.

The thing was settled, and all I could do was to procure the introduction.

Mrs Larkins was at first a little afraid of "such a lady" for a help, but after a close and searching examination, she consented to engage Miss Clifford for a week.

I left Anna in excellent spirits, and during several evening visits which she contrived to make me in the course of this her first week of servitude, she declared herself well satisfied with her situation, and only afraid Mrs Larkins would not care to retain one who was so awkward about many things required in her household. But she must have underrated her own skill; for on the Saturday evening Mr Larkins put into her hands a silver dollar, with a very humble request for a permanent engagement.

The spending of that dollar, Anna Clifford declared to me, was the greatest pleasure she could remember.

Strong in virtuous resolutions, Anna continued her toil, and the Larkines esteemed themselves the most fortunate of girl-hunters. Anna's active habits, strong sense, and high principle, made all go well; and the influence which she soon established over the household was such as superior intellect would naturally command, where there was no idea of difference of station. Mrs Larkins would have thought the roughest of her neighbours' daughters entitled to a full equality with herself; and she treated Miss Clifford with all the additional respect which her real superiority demanded. It has been well said, that the highest intellectual qualifications may find employment in the arrangements of a household; and our friends the Larkines, young and old, if they had ever heard of the doctrine, would, I doubt not, have subscribed to it heartily, for they will never forget Miss Clifford's reign.

Among the gentlemen who had been disposed to play the agreeable to Miss Clifford, was a certain Captain Maguire, an Irish officer, who had met her in Montreal. From Anna herself one would never have learned that her beauty had found a solitary adorer; but the tender and unselfish Rose could not help boasting a little, in her quiet way, of the triumphs of her sister's charms. She had thought well of the captain's pretensions, and rather wondered that his handsome person and gallant bearing had not made some impression upon Anna, who was the object of his devoted attention.

"But Anna thought him a coxcomb," she said, "and never threw him the least crumb of encouragement; so, poor fellow, he gave over in despair."

Now, as it would happen, just at the wrong time this unencouraged and despairing gentleman chanced to be one of a party who made a flying pilgrimage to the prairies; and being thus far favoured by chance, he took his further fate into his own hands, so far as sufficed to bring him to the humble village which he had

understood to be shone upon temporarily by the bright eyes of Miss Clifford. He went first to her mother's, of course, and during a short call, ascertained from the old lady that her youngest daughter was on a visit to us. The captain was not slow in taking advantage of the information, and he was at our door before Rose had at all made up her mind what should be done in such an emergency.

I was equally embarrassed, since one never knows on what nice point those things called love-affairs may turn. However, I detained the captain, and wrote a note to Miss Clifford. What was my surprise when a verbal answer was returned, inviting Captain Maguire and myself to Mrs Larkins's. There was no alternative, so I shawled forthwith; but I really do not know how I led the young gentleman through the shop into the rag-carpeted sitting-room of Mrs Larkins. The scene upon which the door opened must have been a novel one for fashionable optics.

Anna Clifford, with a white apron depending from her taper-waist, stood at the ironing-table, half hidden by a clothes-frame already well-covered with garments of all sizes. Mrs Larkins occupied her own dear creaking rocking-chair, holding a little one in her lap, and joggling another in the cradle, while blue-eyed minims trotted about or sat gravely staring at the strangers.

"Get up, young 'uns!" said Mrs Larkins hastily, as Captain Maguire's imposing presence caught her eye, and Miss Clifford came forward to welcome him. "Jump up! clear out!" And as she spoke, she tipped one of the minims off a chair, offering the vacated seat to the gentleman, who, not noticing that it was a nursing chair, some three or four inches lower than usual, plumped into it after a peculiar fashion, a specimen of bathos far less amusing to the young officer than to the infant Larkinses, who burst into a very natural laugh.

Miss Clifford meanwhile asked after friends in Montreal and elsewhere, and entertained her dashing beau with all the ease and grace that belonged to the drawing-rooms in which they had last met. It was most amusing to note the air with which Anna ran over the splendid names of her quondam friends, and to contrast it with the puzzled look which would make itself evident, spite of "power of face," in the countenance of her visitor. Never was man more completely mystified.

Mr Larkins now brought in a huge armful of stove-wood, which he threw into a corner with a loud crash.

"Will there be as much wood as you'll want, Miss Clifford?" said he.

"Yes—quite enough, thank you," said Anna composedly; "I have nearly finished the ironing."

At this the captain, with a look in which was concentrated the essence of a dozen shrugs, took his leave, declaring himself quite delighted to have found Miss Clifford looking so well.

We were no sooner in the open air than he began—and I did not wonder—

"May I ask—will you tell me, madam, what is the meaning of Miss Clifford's travesty? Is she masquerading for some frolic? or is it a bet?—for I know young ladies do bet, sometimes."

"Neither, sir," I replied. "Miss Clifford is, in sad and sober earnest, filling the place of a servant, that she may procure the necessities of life for her family. More than one friend would gladly offer aid in an emergency, which we trust will be only temporary; but Miss Clifford, with rare independence, prefers devoting herself as you have seen."

"Bless my soul, what a noble girl! What uncommon spirit and resolution! I never heard anything like it! Such a splendid creature to be so sacrificed!" These, and a hundred other enthusiastic expressions, broke from the gay captain, while I recounted some of the circumstances which had brought Mrs Clifford's family to this low ebb; but as he pursued his trip to the prairies the next morning, without attempting to procure another interview with the lady he so warmly admired, I came to the conclusion—not a very uncharitable one, I hope

—that Anna had shown her usual acuteness in the estimate she had formed of his character.

Perhaps the captain thought his pay too trifling to be shared with so exalted a heroine. But we must not complain; for his mystified look and manner at Mrs Larkins's affords us a permanent income of laughter, which is something in these dull times; and I have learned, by means of his visit, that there is one really independent woman in the world.

As levying day had come before it was expected, so selling day, the time so dreaded by the affectionate daughters, came duly on, and no tidings yet of Augustus. Many letters had been forwarded to his address in New York, and no answers arriving, the anxiety of the family had been such as almost to drown all sense of the hopeless, helpless destitution which now seemed to threaten them. Being alone at this time, and wishing that whatever it was possible to do might be done properly for Mrs Clifford, I took the liberty of sending for a neighbour, that is, a country neighbour—one who lived "next door," about four miles off—a gentleman well versed in the law, though not practising professionally.

Mr Edward Percival, this friend of ours, came into this country—then a land of promise indeed—some seven years since. Having inherited a large tract of wild land, he chose to leave great advantages behind him, for the sake of becoming an improver, a planter, a pioneer—what not? [By the aid of this obliging young person the selling day was staved off, and Mr Percival, unknown to the family, started off in search of Augustus—found him ill, but contrived to bring him home.]

While Augustus was gaining strength, his friend made the discovery that he was in pressing want of an assistant in his business. He had great tracts of land in far-away counties, calling for immediate attention; there was a great amount of overcharged taxes, which must be argued down, if possible, at various offices; he had distant and very slippery debtors; in short, just such a partner as Augustus Clifford would make was evidently indispensable; and Augustus got well.

Anna had come home to help to nurse her brother, but with such positive promise of return, that Mr Larkins did not go girl-hunting, but mixed griddle-cakes, and dressed the children unrepiningly during the interregnum. When Augustus recovered, the secret of the weekly dollar was confided to him, and Anna prepared for going back to her "place." The brother was naturally very averse to this, and laboured hard to persuade her that he should now be able to make all comfortable without this terrible sacrifice. But she persisted in fulfilling her engagement, and, moreover, declared that it really was not a sacrifice worth naming.

"Look at your hands, dear Anna!" said Rose.

"Oh, I do look at them; but what then? Of what possible use are white satin hands in the country? I should have browned them with gardening, if nothing else; and when once Uncle Hargrave's money comes, a few weeks' gloving will make a lady of me again."

"But Mr Percival, I am sure—" Rose tried to whisper, but Anna would not hear her, and only ran away the faster.

By and by Uncle Hargrave's legacy did come; and whether by a gloving process or not, it was not long before Anna's hands recovered their beauty. Mrs Larkins told all the best "help" she ever had; and Anna at length told all to her mother, who learned more by means of this effort of her daughter, than all her misfortunes had been able to teach her.

The legacy, like many a golden dream, had been tricked out by the capricious wand of Fancy. In its real and tangible form, far from enabling Mrs Clifford to return to city splendour, it proved so moderate in amount, that she was obliged to perceive that a comfortable home even in the country would depend, in some degree, on economy and good management. Certainty being thus substituted for the vague and glittering phantom which had misled her, and helped to benumb her naturally good understanding, she set herself about the work

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of reform with more vigour than could have been anticipated; and an expression of quiet happiness again took possession of faces which had long been saddened by present or dreaded evils.

Strange to say, Mr Edward Percival, by nature the most frank, manly, straightforward person in the world, seems lately to have taken a manoeuvring turn. After showing very unmistakable signs of an especial admiration of Mrs Larkins's "girl," he scarce ventures to offer her the slightest attention. At the same time, his interest in the ponderous mamma is remarkable, to say the least. Hardly a fine day passes that does not see a certain low open carriage at Mrs Clifford's door, and a grave but gallant cavalier, handsome and well-equipped, soliciting the old lady's company for a short drive. This is certainly a very delicate mode of mesmerising a young lady, but it is not without effect. Anna does not go to sleep—far from it; but her eyelids are observed to droop more than usual; and choice flowers, which come almost daily from the mesmeriser's greenhouse, are very apt to find their way from the parlour vase to the soft ringlets of the lovely sleep-waker. These signs may portend we must leave to the scientific.

Mr Percival came from the very heart's core of Yankeeism, and he has been four years a widower. These disabilities have been duly represented to Miss Clifford; nay—I will not aver that they may not even have been wickedly dwelt upon—thrown in her teeth, as it were, by one who loves to tease such victims; and I have come to the conclusion, which Anna herself suggested to me the other day, hiding at the same time her blushing face on my shoulder, after a confidential chit-chat—"There certainly is a fate in these things."

THE STAG-HUNT OF CHANTILLY.

Partant pour la chasse—What a host of recollections of old pictures are called up by these words—what reminiscences of old chansons no longer sung! The very thought of the bluff knights going forth in a spring morning dressed in antique guise, with attendants holding leashes of hounds, and huntsmen galloping their horses through far-winding glades in the greenwood, is quite refreshing in these painstaking and right-orderly times. The *chasse* is evidently settling down into the things that were; it is heard of in all its glory only by tradition. The world is too busy for it. The necessity to make, sell, and live, is too urgent to allow of "any such nonsense."

Of late, the royal house of Orleans has made the attempt to revive *la chasse*, as well as to introduce into France *courses des chevaux*—in plain English, horse-races. A kind of perception that a people do not "get on" the worse for being now and then amused, and allowed to kick up the heels of their mind, is apparently at the bottom of the movement. Any way, there the thing is. Chantilly, celebrated in its day, and still one of the prettiest places in France, distant about twenty-five miles from the capital, has been constituted the head-quarters of the revelries, which partake of something like the old *chasse*—horses, hounds, men, dogs, and a great deal of racing and chasing quite to one's heart's content. To see one of these affairs is worth going a great many miles; but there are other inducements. Chantilly was once the seat of the Dukes of Condé, and the splendid stables alone belonging to the domain, somewhere about half as large again as the national gallery, and six times as splendid a monument of architecture, are themselves worth travelling that distance to see. They are at the back of the town, facing the *pelouse*, or vast turfied plain on which the races take place. Covering an extent of ground almost as great as Buckingham Palace, with their lofty windows, elegant cupolas, vast courts, spacious riding-schools, their poetry of the middle ages, their association with the days when Dukes of Condé were dukes indeed, their long train of chivalric recollections; with

all this, they present rather the appearance of superb mansions than of stables for horses. Enter, however, the great gateway in the *façade*, and as soon as you have recovered from the feeling of admiration which the grandeur of the interior building excites, look to the right and to the left, and you will soon perceive that you are in a stable, and nothing but a stable, though one of no ordinary kind—racks, mangers, stalls, and all other appliances being on the most splendid scale. The spectacle makes one almost feel that it is a pity to see such marvellously fine accommodations for horses, while the peasantry around are not one-half so comfortably lodged. We are, however, not to moralise, but to recount facts. Of the palace in which the Dukes of Condé lived, the revolution spared but little. Only a fragment exists; but the beautifully laid-out gardens, the forest, and many other things which yet remain, tell what Chantilly once was. Chantilly, as a town, is nothing—it has but one real street, one church, one hospital; its long street runs at a right angle to the high road to Paris. Its hospital is a rare old building; its church is pretty and curious.

I was present at the first race and at the first hunt which took place at Chantilly under the auspices of the present dynasty, and never shall I forget the bustle, the activity, the fuss, which for one good month prevailed, nor the anxiety which pervaded the minds and bodies of the inhabitants. I saw all the preparations, the hopes, the self-importance of the little town, and, as a good Chantillian, I joined in their anxiety; I felt, I appreciated the honour that was about to be done us. First, the *maire* called meetings, which were attended, as was fit, by all the great people of the town. What was decided on at these meetings, since nothing ever came of them, no one ever knew. Then, rooms were cleaned out, closets were called bed-rooms, and a universal rise in rent took place. Then came the horses and the jockeys, and this hurried our hearts considerably. Hunters and hounds without number next made their appearance; every hour brought some new arrival. Never since the palmy days of the Condés had so much of horse-flesh and of the canine race been seen in these parts. The bourgeois were in ecstasies. And then the carpenters; for six weeks they worked most gloriously, most indefatigably, at the grand stand, the little stands, and all the stands, which were of course so called because everybody sat in them. The royal stand was of course the great thing. It was a model of art; about as big as a moderate-sized opera box, with coarse red cloth inside, plenty of paint out, a profusion of Dianas and Nimrods, and nymphs and satyrs—what could be more elegant? The little boys and girls, and many of the big ones too, were lost in admiration.

The day at length came, but not the king. There were, however, the late Duke of Orleans, the Dukes of Nemours and Aumale, but papa didn't come; and we had Fieschi to thank for that. A profusion of English, of Italian, of Spanish, presented themselves; and also a Russian nobleman, who, taking a whole stand to himself, enlivened the race. But the people came in thousands and tens of thousands. From Paris, and from every town, village, and hamlet, within fifteen or twenty miles, came men, women, children, on horseback, on assback, in carts, on foot—never had Chantilly seen such things before. A race-course three miles round was densely crowded with people in dresses of every character and colour; a mile of carriages—of course more than half English—drew up in front of the stands. Then there were the soldiers: true, they seemed to have borrowed all our cab-hacks for the occasion—but never mind; they were soldiers in earnest, and they knocked the people about, and trod on their heels with so good-natured an air, one hardly thought them the body-guard of the first king in Europe. The races were, in themselves, ridiculous to one who had seen Epsom or Newmarket. English horses were excluded, though English jockeys were not. We shall, however, spare the details. Suffice it to say, the day passed over

gloriously; the people were delighted, and returned home, doubtless to talk over the event for months.

On the morning of the next day I rose at six, mounted my gray nag, and started for the meeting. I was not the first in the field. The street was already crowded; horsemen, pedestrians, carriages, hunters, hounds, ladies young and old, ugly and pretty, English and French, in satin shoes and in sabots, were hurrying along. The scene was admirable. When I reached the *pelouse*, which lies between the town and the forest, it was dotted over with anxious sight-seers. Here and there a red coat and white shorts, or a black or a chocolate coat and white shorts, proclaimed one of the *élite*—some Parisian exquisite, or St James's lounge, moving faster than ever he did in his life before: the royal hunters, in their superb liveries of red, and blue, and gold, with their enormous French horns and hungry hounds, were trotting across the plain. A *barouche*—then a *britska*, followed. After them, perhaps, came an old woman on a mule, a pretty girl upon an ass, a boy and a pony, I on my *Rozinante*; carts and carriages, horses and asses, horsemen and horsewomen, all tended one way, and I was not singular. It was to the *Place de la Table Ronde*. This spot is a central opening in the forest of Chantilly, to which some dozen roads tend. The Place is extensive, and in the middle is a large round stone table, of one solitary slab, quite Egyptian in size, and quite a curiosity in its way. Round the open glade were ranged hundreds of carriages; fresh ones were every moment arriving from every avenue, each of which, as the eye fell upon it, appeared a living stream. It was a lovely beginning; a stag-hunt extraordinary. Horsemen caracolled, hounds growled, the hunters used their long whips, the round table—at least the dense crowd on it—hallooed, while others, more prudent, sat down and devoured their breakfasts.

A loud shout rent the air. It was the royal dukes arriving with a gay cavalcade. They were fine young men, and particularly the late Duke of Orleans; and when they came up to where I was standing, were chatting in most excellent English with a titled representative of our aristocracy and sporting men. I forgot his name. The crowd shouted again; the ladies stood up in the carriages and waved their white handkerchiefs and equally white hands—the princes bowed, smiled, and then—went off at a full gallop, followed by the whole multitude—carriages, carts, mules, horses, asses, footmen! After what? The deer had been started. Knowing well, by the official programme, where the deer was to be driven to, I did not follow the motley multitude; but, striking a line through a narrow path of the forest, made for the fish-ponds. A few minutes, however, brought me once more in contact with the crowd. It happened that two deer had been started; one set of hounds took after one, and one after another. The hunters too, of course, also separated, and so did the carriages, the mules, the satin, the *sabots*, the asses: not relishing the kind of sport, I followed neither. A leisure ride of half an hour brought me to the fish-ponds, and here again were the people. The ponds are situated in a deep and picturesque valley, surrounded on all sides by the thick forest. Along every slope, on every side of the valley, were parties of men, women, and children, eating, drinking, laughing, talking, chatting, and wondering when the deer would be driven to the water, and who would have the honour of putting his *couteau de chasse* into him. Such a stag-hunt had never been seen before. The forest resounded with cries, hallooing, shrieking, laughing—every shade and variety of the human voice. I rode round the valley, crossed one of the many dams which separate the ponds, and passed the time examining the several features of the scene.

An hour or two passed by. The whole hunting cavalcade, carriages, horses, asses, mules, footmen, men, women, and children, dogs and hunters, all came to the fish-pond to lunch at the chateau de la *Reine Blanche*. But not a deer was to be seen or heard of. The fact

was, the crowds of people crossing, recrossing, treading, throwing up the dust with their heels, quite broke the scent. The dogs were running hither and thither. "*La! voila.*" "*Non! la voila!*" In a word, every one had seen the deer every way, and nobody could find it. Meanwhile the princes, who, it seemed by their appearance, had not over-heated themselves, took it very coolly, and, with the whole multitude, went to lunch. It was evident that the chasseurs, racers, or whatever they may be called, did not care a sou about the game. It was only the pleasure of the excitement, the gaiety, the hilarity of the thing. In this view of the case they were real philosophers. If roistering, and laughing, and exercise do one good, then they deserve all praise, for they had them to their heart's content. Nor was the light-hearted run-a-foot part of the concern a particle less benefited. Yes, there is often much good in a good stirring laugh and a run on the green sward. Having at all events procured a famous appetite in their gambols, all from the royal duke to the humblest garçon—there being no distinction in the matter of stomachs—sought to appease it. But the *Reine Blanche* had not anticipated so much custom. In a quarter of an hour everything eatable, everything drinkable, had disappeared, and yet half the mass had tasted nothing. I had been wiser than the generality, and fortunately possessed a few sandwiches and a small bottle of wine and water, with which I solaced myself, and was happy in affording a few mouthfuls to a lady who seemed almost ready to expire with exhaustion. The general want of provisions damped the ardour of the sportsmen. The people, the dukes, the dogs, the hunters, having nothing to do, returned to their chase, but in vain; and about six o'clock gave up and returned to Chantilly to enjoy a grand banquet, where, doubtless, they were more at home than with the stag-hounds. The Russian prince, however, as soon as the forest was clear—determined not to be defeated—started with his fresh pack and a few friends, and at nine brought the head of the deer in triumph into the banquet hall. Thus ended the first stag-hunt at Chantilly, which no one remembered better than I, and the fair and hungry lady. Good reason why; she is no longer a spinster, and I—the reader will guess the remainder.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN PARISH ROBERTSON.

PARTICULAR circumstances enable us to give a sketch of the life of a man extraordinary in many respects—John Parish Robertson—who died on the 1st of November last at Calais, whither he had gone for the benefit of a mild climate. This individual, it will be recollected, returned to England a few years ago as ambassador for some of the South American republics, a function to which he was chosen on account of the remarkable talents and energy which he had shown in that part of the world in his capacity as a merchant: singular to tell, he had left his native country, only a few years before, as a boy, without either money or friends. A career distinguished by so extraordinary a circumstance cannot, we may well suppose, be without some interest.

The father of the subject of our memoir was at one time assistant-secretary to the Bank of Scotland in Edinburgh: we remember him in the decline of his days, a clever, lively, quaint old man, with a strong spice of the good breeding of the old school, which gave at once limitation and point to his many humorous sallies, and made him the delight of listening youth. The mother of Mr Robertson was Juliet Parish, daughter of an eminent Hamburg merchant of Scottish extraction. John Parish Robertson was born either in Kelso or Edinburgh, and educated at the grammar school of Dalkeith. While he was still a boy, his father was obliged, on account of bad health, to resign his situation in the bank, and enter a mercantile house

at Glasgow. Commissioned to visit the river Plate for business objects, he took his clever boy along with him, partly for the sake of his company, and partly with a view to introduce him to a mercantile career. They were together in Monte Video when it was occupied by the British under General Whitelock in 1806; and Mr Robertson used to say that his first appearance in public life was as a powder-monkey, having been put to the business of handing out cartridges during some of the military operations of the place. On the cession of this city, Mr Robertson senior sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, but sent his son home by the shortest road. The boy had now, however, imbibed a taste for foreign mercantile adventure; and before he had been long at home, and while still in his fourteenth year, he resolved to start anew on his own account, by a vessel bound from Greenock for Rio Janeiro. When he had paid his passage in this bark, he found himself in possession of two guineas, and one of these he thought it as well to send back to his mother, who he thought might need it more than he, as his father was still absent.

The humble duties of a clerk at Rio and on the river Plate brought Robertson on to near his twenty-first year, by which time his abilities and good conduct had gained him the confidence of several influential persons. He was now enabled to proceed in the capacity of a mercantile agent to Assumption, the chief city of Paraguay, a country of great resources, but at that time, and for many years after, prostrated under the eccentric tyrant Francia. Of his residence there, and all that fell under his notice, including an interview with the tyrant himself, he afterwards presented a faithful account to the world, in two works entitled *Letters on Paraguay*, and *Francia's Reign of Terror*. Being compelled by Francia to leave the country in 1815, along with a younger brother who had joined him, he sailed with the remainder of his property for Buenos Ayres, but was stopped by accident at Corrientes, and induced to remain there for some time. This part of South America was now under the control of a mere master of brigands, by name Artigas, who plundered the poor estancieros, or farmers, at his pleasure, and was indeed rapidly reducing the province to a desert. The circumstances which detained Mr Robertson were as follow.

He was one evening sitting under the corridor of his house, revolving what slight accidents among these marauders might give his body to the dogs, and his property to the winds, when he was accosted by a tall raw-boned ferocious looking man in gaucha attire (that is, the attire of the shepherd chiefs of these plains), with two cavalry pistols stuck in his girdle, a sabre in a rusty steel scabbard, &c.; unkempt, unwashed, and blistered to the eyes; and who, with a page or follower entirely worthy of himself, rode up to his very chair. Mr Robertson expected that these would speedily be followed by others, and, in short, that the period he had expected was come. This, however, proved a friend; an *Irishman* of the name of Campbell, originally bred as a tanner, afterwards a soldier, who, having remained in the country when it was evacuated by the British, was at this time in possession of a command under Artigas, and for his desperate courage much esteemed by him. To Mr Robertson's astonishment, this man, who had previously seen him in a very critical period of his history, a prisoner in the camp of Artigas, but who was now his friend, the moment he had heard of his arrival from Paraguay, under circumstances of misfortune which were perfectly known to him, had conceived a plan of operations for their mutual interest. "There is not an estanciero," he said, "that has the courage to go to his own estate, or to peep out of his own window, unless he knows I am out to protect him; nor is there a gaucha among them who dares to interfere with them, knowing I am out. I know you have the control of large property here, and that you are endeavouring to convert it into produce to take to Buenos Ayres; but you will never get all you want, till you command my humble abilities. Therefore let me go out and scour the country

with your money, carried by Eduardo (his follower); and I promise you, that in a year the hides of 50,000 bullocks, and 100,000 horses, shall be sent here or to Goya" [a port about 150 miles nearer Buenos Ayres]. "I don't want much salary," he continued; "I like the occupation. Give me 1200 dollars a-year [about £250] for myself and Eduardo, and I am your man. I want nothing for my expenditure either in food or horses; my friends are ever too happy to see me, to admit of remuneration for either."

In conclusion, this bargain was struck; money to a large amount was from time to time intrusted to this man, and he always faithfully accounted for it. He made many large purchases, and as honestly paid for them. The Messrs Robertson found the business so profitable, that they at last invested £5000 even in the wagons and bullocks necessary to transport their merchandise. As the people came to their abandoned and miserable-looking establishments, Campbell and his men would set about helping them to put their farm-houses into repair, to get their corrales, or pens for cattle, made good, to collect some milch-cows and horses, and to gather together a flock of sheep from the peon's huts scattered about. He would here procure from some village a carpenter to mend doors and set up wagons; and there he would engage to send carts of our own to take away produce. He aroused the small towns and villages, as well as the estancieros, from their dormant state into an active pursuit of business; and, in short, under the protection, as it may be said, of this admirable fellow, and the enterprise of these liberal and adventurous men, the country, as if by magic, started into new life and prosperity. Messrs Robertson, however, were induced by prudential considerations to wind up the business after a year, and retire to Buenos Ayres. Campbell soon after sunk into some obscure situation.

In 1817 Mr Robertson returned to Scotland, at once to revisit home and establish more extensive and intimate relations with it, having left his brother and a friend in charge of matters in Buenos Ayres. He was now received by his grandfather (by this time in splendid retirement at Bath) as a worthy scion of the house. He in due time settled at Liverpool, for the purpose of establishing connections there and at Manchester; and he added Glasgow, Paisley, and London. In the end of 1820 he sailed again for Buenos Ayres, but destined for Chili and Peru. He effected settlements in those quarters also; and thus, as he states in the last of his "Letters on South America," their connection extended "from Paraguay to Corrientes, from Corrientes to Santa Fe, from Santa Fe to Buenos Ayres, and round Cape Horn, and across the Andes, to Chili and Peru." In fine, in the autumn of 1824 or 1825, this still young man landed at the port of Greenock, which he had left about eighteen years before with a single guinea in his pocket, with claims and assets to the value of £100,000; in a ship chartered for his sole use, and with the character of political agent and representative in this country of several of the South American republics.

It is truly painful to think that this well-gained wealth and distinction was to be of brief duration. He had established himself in London in connection with some of the first merchants there, and was prepared to carry on South American business with new spirit and new means, when the wide-spread ruin of 1826 involved him, and he was compelled to return to that country to attempt the recovery of some part of his fortune. Baffled in this object, he returned in 1830 comparatively an impoverished man, and finding that he must wait in the hope of better days, he quietly entered himself a student in Corpus Christi college, Cambridge, in order to effect an object he had long contemplated, that of making himself a scholar. It was an odd resolution in one approaching forty, but not unworthy of an enthusiasm which had already in another walk led him to such brilliant results. He did acquire, in three years, much scholarship, but it was at a cost somewhat

too great, as afterwards appeared. Mr Robertson, it may be remarked, though under the middle size, was originally of a robust frame of body; but he had undergone, in the course of his adventurous career in South America, much fatigue and hardship, and some flesh and spirit-shaking trials of no ordinary kind. While still a youth, he had had many long journeys on horse-back across the Pampas and the Cordilleras, and in various other directions, in pursuit of business objects. On one occasion, in ascending the Parana by navigation, he had had his ship and cargo seized, and himself carried before the brutal Artigas, who was about to shoot him, when his brother arrived, and successfully interceded for him. The writer of this has seen a small prayer-book belonging to him, in the fly-leaf of which he had written a prayer in contemplation of immediate death on this occasion. Then he had seen the fruits of all his toils left from him in one moment, and himself reduced from something like greatness to penury: few pass altogether unaffected in health through such calamities. The addition of severe study was little needed to endanger the constitutional health of this remarkable man. So it was, however, that he found it necessary to retire from college sooner than he intended, and seek for new vigour in a beautifully placed cottage in the Isle of Wight.

Here, for about a year, he was chiefly occupied with his endeavours to obtain an arrangement of his business affairs. The necessity of seeking for bread then (1834) brought him to London, where for some years more his pursuits were almost solely of a literary kind. Besides publishing the two works on South America which have been named, he contributed many papers on similar subjects to the magazines, and thus contrived to realise some moderate gains. More recently, he gave the world a work entitled *Letters on South America*. Another comparatively recent event of his life was his marriage to a young lady who loved him solely for his own sake and "for the dangers he had passed." He contemplated, we believe, a third series of South American Letters, but death has stepped in to baulk the intention.

Such is, we fear, a very imperfect outline of the life of one of those men—the guiltless Napoleons of common life—who occasionally start from obscurity under impulses given to them by Providence for no mean purposes. Robertson was, we think, altogether a remarkable man—a merchant while yet a boy—a political figure of considerable importance while little above thirty—afterwards an accomplished scholar and litterateur, and all this without anything like the basis of patrimony or education—all the product of his own innate energy and genius. His first independent act in life stamps, we think, the moral nature of the man as pure and genuine. It never was belied by any subsequent act. His courage and coolness in the most trying situations could not be exceeded; and as his means increased, so did his liberality to his family, and to all having claims upon him.

His enterprise, and the soundness of his judgment in that enterprise, were equally conspicuous, though ultimately baffled by misconduct, not so much in individuals, as in states. He was the first to open up and to establish a considerable intercourse with Paraguay; and though himself extruded from that country, the intercourse he had established he still kept up. The extent of his transactions at Corrientes, and the consequences to himself and the country, have been in some degree indicated. Upwards of one thousand bullocks were at last daily occupied on land, and several ships on water, in carrying on the business of which he was the head. He and his brother not only repeatedly rode along great part of the distance from Corrientes to Buenos Ayres in the course of that business, with the rapidity of couriers, but they established a regular courier, perhaps the first and only one ever established on the banks of the Parana. As the voyage up the Plate and Parana, by the usual mode of tracking the vessels, was in the last degree tedious and expensive,

Mr Robertson, at his own expense and risk, introduced steam, having sent a steam-vessel from this country under the command of a friend. Agriculture on a proper principle being almost unknown in those countries, Mr Robertson purchased an estate of many thousand acres within twenty miles of Buenos Ayres, and introduced on it a colony of Scottish agriculturists, with all their implements and habits, including the schoolmaster and clergyman. The moment he could calculate that the republics of Chili and Peru, or even their principal cities, would be open to British commerce, he followed in the wake of the conquerors, who were his particular friends, and established a trade on the most respectable scale; and finally, though he left a trade established, and warehouses stocked with every requisite for its continuance, he was himself so prudent in his selection of customers, that on leaving those establishments to come and serve the republics in which they had been set up in this country, he did not leave three thousand dollars due to them in any direction. Wherever he saw an opening for industry, thither he went; and wherever he went, he organised a trade; and not merely with a view to the present, but also to future times. All his plans will yet pay, though not to him; and they would have paid him, but for a perversity in the states which he sought to benefit, that astonished and disappointed every one taking an interest in their affairs, as well as himself. Even his estate of Monte-Grande, which, as a model introduced for the benefit of the republic, much more than of the individual, should have been held sacred, was profaned and almost devastated by the barbarous followers of the wretches contending for political power; the trees on it being broken down for fire-wood in some of their senseless contests, and the walls of the gardens and houses used as fortifications. Yet notwithstanding all these injuries, personal, and, it may be said, public, and although he has related traits in the persons who have successively risen to power in those states, which seem to stigmatise the people, yet he has never written of them in any other than a spirit of the greatest impartiality and even tenderness.

Mr Robertson's features were not fine, but they were manly and pleasing. In business he was grave and decided, but business over, he was all cheerfulness. Being imprisoned with his brother at Corrientes by some worthies who had mistaken their power, he turned their prison into a ball-room, as is related by his brother, not in the way of bravado, but to make his more unfortunate companions temporarily happy. Being stripped of everything, even his linen, by the soldiers of Artigas, and an old soldier's coat thrown to him in lieu of all, he was still cheerful; and whenever, on his visits to this country, he could strike up a dance instead of indulging at table, he was ever ready to do it. His wish to diffuse more lasting happiness was not less. A friend in Liverpool having lost his all, Mr Robertson, without being solicited, but asking what would assist him, gave him £2000. A friend of his father in Edinburgh (when he required a friend) having expressed a wish to carry out some improvements on his estate, which required a similar amount, Mr Robertson gave it. His liberality in encouraging useful enterprise has been already mentioned; and, in short, what he acquired by skill as a merchant, he used with munificence as a man. Of all the sums so bestowed, it is believed he lost little; his losses proceeded from the faults of states, and not of individuals.

As a writer, we think Mr Robertson's style is singularly clear and strong; and as he wrote mostly of what he had seen, his descriptions are in the last degree graphic, as well as entertaining and useful. He sometimes fails in humour—in serious matters never. His conversational style was good; and having travelled far, and read and thought much, and mingled in almost every variety of life, his opinions were always ready and sound. Had he lived to write more variously, he would have attained a higher place, because in that

variety would have been displayed the extent of his information and his sagacity; and even in the peculiar path he had chosen, no one who knew him doubts that the concluding portion of his labours would have been the most valuable.

BENEVOLENCE OF THE POOR.

[The following paper, by the late Alexander Bethune, the enlightened and pure-minded Fifeshire peasant, seems to us of considerable value, from the presumable truthfulness of all that is stated in it as fact. In this character it is of consequence, we think, as a report on the economy, circumstances, and feelings of a portion of the humbler classes; that subject which is now everywhere engaging so much attention. At the same time some abatement must needs be made from Bethune's remarks on the affluent classes—a subject on which the poor man is generally as much a visionary as the rich man is about the poor, and from the same sad cause—ignorance.]

To become rich is evidently, with many, the sole aim and object of their existence. With the single idea of *riches*, they seem to associate comfort, consequence, "space in the world's thought," and all that is worth following after. Yet the rich rarely fail to tell us of the miseries they endure—of the accumulation of care, and the increase of anxiety, which fortune inflicts on them. The poor would be rich, while the rich indulge in day-dreams about the happiness of the poor. Both are perhaps deceived by appearances. That the rich are so, might easily be proved. Many of those evils of which not a few of the rich complain, might be entirely cured by a better acquaintance with those of that class which they deem so happy. How would it alter the ideas of those who murmur over imaginary evils—those who never knew what it was to encounter a real hardship, or meet a real misfortune in their lives—were they only subjected for a short time to live and labour with the poor! The lady, for instance, who frets and supposes herself perfectly miserable, because she has been disappointed in her expectations of being invited to this or that party, or because some part of her dress does not become her well, or because twenty other things, which might be mentioned, are not within a whole hair's-breadth of what she would have them—what would her feelings be, were she to take a scanty breakfast at six o'clock in the morning, travel two or three miles, and turn out by seven to spread manure, not with any instrument, but with her delicate white fingers! Shrink not from the loathsomeness of the idea—to spread dung with her fingers, in turnip or potato drills, till six in the evening; and should her strength or dexterity prove less than that of her companions, to have her ears assaulted with the oaths and upbraidings of a heartless wretch, whom his master keeps for the purpose; and to hear herself called upon to "get on," in language with which no writer would blot his page! To add to the discomfort of the scene, a wet day may be supposed, and the possibility of returning home drenched to the skin at night, to an extinct fire! To deepen the picture yet another shade, think of a woman supporting herself and a child, or, it may be, two, upon the eightpence or tenpence a-day, which is the most this drudgery will produce. Say not that this is too dark a picture; its darkness might be deepened by many shades, and still the depth of those waters, through which many a poor man and woman must wade, remain untouched. Yet distressed, pinched, and scorned as the poor often are—great as are their privations, it is surprising how much they often do for each other. Here the comparison between poor and rich is very striking. When the wealthy impart their guinea to relieve distress, they probably give but a five-hundredth or a thousandth part of their revenue. The poor in serving the poor frequently give the last mouthful of food which they can call their own. Surely this is benevolence with the least imaginable tincture of selfishness.

These desultory remarks were suggested by an incident with which their writer lately became acquainted.

At a short distance from his place of residence stands what was once a little lonely farm; but the land which belonged to it being taken in lease some years ago by a neighbouring farmer, the offices were fitted up for dwelling-houses, and are now inhabited. Past it winds one of those broken, uncouth, and ill-conducted roads, which, half a century ago, were all our fathers had to travel on. This road is now little frequented, save by the ragged boy who takes it for a nearer cut, or the wandering beggar, who, finding it difficult to supply his wants and procure quarters near the highway, where his trade is overdriven, strikes off into remote and secluded districts, where he has fewer competitors, and the people are more willing to bestow an alms.

Along this road, a few days ago, came a man, a woman, and two children, the youngest of whom, a suckling infant, she carried in her arms. The man was middle-aged, the woman apparently still young; and want and privation were pictured in the faces of the whole. The man entered the first house he came to, while the woman—she was his wife—with the children, remained at the door. Here the family were in moderate circumstances, and comfortable for their station. He asked and obtained leave "to light his pipe." The pipe was empty; and after several unsuccessful attempts, it was given up as hopeless; but there appeared in his manner still a wish to linger. He was, however, told that *he must go*, and went. When he came out, his wife and he exchanged hopeless looks, and their heads dropped heavily on their bosoms. They then proceeded to the next door, and stood before it for a space, like people seeking the means of escape from some terrible calamity, or trying to muster courage for some desperate attempt. At last the man entered as before, and again he asked and obtained leave "to light his pipe;" but again the pipe was empty, and his attempts to light it unsuccessful. This was the house of a widow, whose husband had died about a twelvemonth before, leaving her in very poor circumstances. Beside her, at the time, sat a woman, by courtesy called the wife of an invalid, whose earnings for many months had only amounted to a few shillings. Infamy, it was said, was attached to their connexion; and this the world had not failed to visit on their heads with something worse than neglect. Here, however, the unfortunates were destined to find better fortune. After the pipe-lighting had proved utterly unsuccessful, the wife and children were kindly invited to "come in and rest them." Their wants were inquired into, and commiserated. Let pleasure-hunting pomp blush to hear what follows. Neither of the two, without the assistance of the other, could supply the wants of the strangers. The one had a small quantity of milk, which had been the gratuitous gift of a neighbour to herself; the other had a scanty store of meal, which she had probably purchased with her last shilling; and by laying their slender means together, they contrived to set before the hunger-bitten travellers a meal—their breakfast. It was now almost noon. This unwonted kindness drew forth their story.

The man, according to his own account, was by trade a dyer; and after having fallen out of employment, and exhausted all the means he could think of for procuring it, he had quitted his home in the expectation of finding, if not work, at least food for himself and his starving family. But he had not been bred to beg; and could not ask it. With his wife matters were still worse. She was even ashamed to have it known that they were in want. The pipe-lighting had been often tried, and with various degrees of success. Sometimes it produced an inquiry if they had got their breakfast or their dinner; sometimes not. And on the previous night, after all their endeavours to procure the shelter of a house had failed, after they had preferred the request at every door they came to, so long as they could find a door open, or any one awake to listen, supperless, and wearied out with travelling, they had made their bed

beside a hedge, with the sky for curtains and a covering, the mother keeping her infant warm in her bosom, and the mother doing his best to preserve animal heat in their other child. Thus they passed the night. As morning advanced, and early risers began to stir, they resumed their comfortless wanderings, in the hope that some one would offer them that bread which they could not muster courage to seek. But there are seasons when Fortune seems to set all her powers in array against the victims of her wrath. The pipe-lighting, and such other simple stratagems as they could devise, had all failed, and they had travelled, faint and fasting, till they found a morsel where this narrative found them.

When the cravings of nature were satisfied, and this simple story told, they parted with a few homely but heartfelt expressions of gratitude, a tear, and a promise if, should it please God that they should ever meet under a reverse of fortunes, they would not forget the kindness they had experienced beneath that humble roof. "While there is life there is hope," saith the proverb; and it is well for the poor that hope seldom abandons them. When friends have proved false, and fortune hath forsaken them, in the abyss of misery they cling to it; it cheers them with a meteor-light amid the storm; props them with its illusions when about to fall; leads them with a steady hand over the precipice of despair; nor ever leaves them till the mortal sweat is on their brows. And even then, when "earthly hope" is at an end, how often doth that other spirit, with eyes fixed above, support them in the last agony, and paint a smile on their countenances in that fearful struggle, when death is fast winning the victory.

In the habitation of comfort, and comparatively easy circumstances, the wanderers had not been offered even a seat, while in that of penury, and all but absolute want, they had found pity and kindness, and the means of prolonging life for another day. It is thus the obscure and indigent help each other along on "life's thorny road," while the poet drives nonsense about the "happiness of humble cots," and the philosopher amuses himself in his study with fine-spun theories for bettering their condition, and the political economist tries to persuade them that poverty would constitute a perfect paradise if they would only do as he bids them, little knowing that they do all they can, and probably a great deal more than he would do were he in their place. Let them continue to do so. Let them nobly do their duty, heedless though the hero's idol—this world's fame—should never smile upon them. Though the splendid gift and the liberal donation may be far beyond their reach, let them offer the voice of consolation and the friendly hand of assistance wherever these may be required. Let them cherish benevolence to each other, and those kindly sympathies of which they often stand so much in need. When misfortune bears down its victim, or when the constitution is labouring under the attack of disease, and physical strength decays, then the perceptions often become quicker, and the senses more acute. The sufferer, whether from mental or corporeal pain, looks, as it were, into the very soul of those around him, and reads their thoughts without the assistance of their words. He who now writes, when his pulse beat feebly, and the tide of life seemed to ebb in his veins with every passing hour, has felt soothed by a look of sympathy, when he turned away with loathing from the cold inquiry and the offered gift. And when weakness pressed upon his frame, and pain preyed on every nerve, he has gathered fortitude to bear it from a kind word, the tone of which told from whence it came, when the lecture of the learned comforter, though it vibrated in his ear, left no impression on his heart. To the sympathies and the kindness of the poor he owes much, and he is proud to acknowledge it. Though the rich may pass them by with little pity, or abandon them to their fate, let them not abandon each other. Though obscurity may darken round their deeds, and oblivion wrap their names when they die, man's praise is but little worth, and

fame is both fluctuating and perishing property. A nobler reward awaits every truly virtuous action: even the wish, where the power is wanting, will not be forgotten. Let them remember what a greater than the greatest upon earth said of the mite which the widow cast into the treasury. Let them consider that there is an eye on them which seeth not as man seeth—a Power above them, by whom justice cannot be partially dealt—a Judge before whom they must appear, who reckons not of men by the garb they wear, or the property they possess, or the professions they make, but by their thoughts and actions. Let this consideration stimulate them to do their duty; and let this, with the unsullied pleasure which always flows from a consciousness of doing good, be their reward when it is done. And, if it could serve as a prompter to patient perseverance in well-doing, let them be told that there are among the learned and the truly great men who take an interest in their welfare, hearts which pity their distresses, and hands which would not be slow to record their virtues, were they only known.

BRIGANDS IN SPAIN—PLEASANT TRAVELLING.

THE following account of an incident of travel in Spain, characteristic of the state of that unhappy country, has lately appeared in various newspapers. It purports to be a letter from M. Tanskie, correspondent at Madrid of the *Journal des Débats*, Parisian newspaper, describing a journey he made a short time ago from Madrid to Bayonne.

"I have just made acquaintance, in a manner somewhat dramatic, with the *ladrones* of Old Castile, who are a sort of *juste milieu* between the robbers of Andalusia, who pass for being the most *caudillos* (gentlemanlike) men, and those of La Mancha, who are justly branded as the most savage and cruel. After the new arrangement of the post between Madrid and Bayonne, the mails had been several times attacked by brigands, particularly soon after leaving Madrid. The government thereupon had the coach escorted by detachments of cavalry as far as Buñitrago, and also certain stages between Aronda and Burgos; but they are not a sufficient protection. In fact, it was at two and a-half leagues from Orando, at eight in the evening, that the mail in which I was a passenger was stopped. Two of the brigands seized the leading postilion, and pulled him off his horse. Four others, two on each side, came to the carriage, and called upon the coachman and the conductor to come down. I was in the *coupe* with M. Mayo, a young Spanish advocate. The courier and a student were in the interior. We were not suffered to alight, and as we were all unarmed, we could not have made any effective resistance. Indeed, had any one shown such a disposition, the rest would have prevented him, because, in that case, all would have been murdered. Sometimes the robbers burn the coach and all the luggage, in the hopes of finding among the ashes such money and valuables as remain concealed.

After binding the hands of the postilion and driver behind their backs, they led the mules and carriage about five hundred yards off the road, on to the fields. There they made us all four get out, and then tied our hands behind our backs. The captain of the band, who was the only one on horseback, dismounted, and called upon us, in bad Castilian, to declare what money we had, and where it was, adding, that if we did not tell the truth, we should be victimised. He interrogated us with all the acuteness of the most experienced commissary of police, frequently changing his tone and accent. Who are you? whence do you come? where are you going? were questions put to us; and if we had had the misfortune to belong to any place near the haunts of the brigands, or had happened to know the person of either of them, we should have been inevitably assassinated. In fact, only three months ago, a poor postilion was killed by these brigands near the same spot, because he happened to be acquainted with one of them.

They inquired of us whether we were Englishmen or Americans, for if we had been, they would have completely stripped us; the Spanish lower orders of people imagining that the clothes of all the English and Americans are stitched with gold thread. Our interrogation finished, we were made to lie flat on the ground, with our faces downwards. This done, they plundered the coach, throwing

down all the trunks and packages. Knowing that they could not get mine open without breaking it to pieces, I looked up and told them that I would open it for them, and give up to them all the money it contained, if they would unbind my hands, for they had drawn the cord so tight that I was in great pain. They consented, and brought my trunk to me. The money they found in it did not satisfy them. They left me in the hands of one of their band, a young man between twenty and twenty-two years of age, who continued to search my trunk, while an older and fiercer brigand watched my every look and gesture, with his carbine levelled at me. The young man, although he made use of the coarsest oaths and other expressions the Spanish language could furnish him with, was not so savage as the rest, and this was evidently his first expedition. He carried neither carbine nor sword, and the only weapon he had was a Catalonian knife stuck in his belt. Everything he saw in my trunk caused him surprise and wonder. He asked me to tell him the use of each. On finding some rosaries, he exclaimed, 'Ah! you are a priest?' I told him no, but had bought the rosaries at a fair in Madrid as curiosities, and that they were of no real value. He, however, with great devotion kissed the crosses suspended to them and the other emblems, but finding they were of silver, he broke the string, letting them all fall to the ground. He carefully picked them up, and again kissed each cross and emblem, but at the same time renewed his oaths at his own awkwardness. He secured these and every other thing he thought valuable between his shirt and his skin; but my clothes and linen he put into a large sack, which appeared to be the common receptacle. I had also some small knives and daggers. He asked me what I did with them. I told him they had been sold to me as having been worn by the *Manolas* of Madrid under their garters. At this he laughed, and throwing two of them on the ground for me, he put the rest into his private magazine.

I hoped to make something of my young brigand; but while I was talking to him, the captain came suddenly up and struck me with violence on the back of the neck with the butt end of his carbine, saying in a furious tone, 'You are looking in his face, that you may be able to recognise him!' He then seized me by the right arm, while another took my left, and they again bound them behind my back. In my bad Spanish I assured him that I was a foreigner, but they threw me down upon the other passengers. I fell upon the driver, who was literally sewed up in two or three sheep-skins, with the wool outwards. I took good care not to stir from this position, for the ground was saturated with the snow which the sun had melted and brought down in streams from the Semo Sierra. By this probability I escaped the fever which attacked the student from Tolosa, who lay in the water more than an hour. When the brigands had secured all they thought worth taking, the captain remounted his horse, gave the word of command, and they all retreated. My young robber, in passing by me, put into my fastened hands the padlock and key of my trunk, and threw over my head a peasant's cloak.

After remaining some time recumbent, the postilion, whom the brigands had released before leaving, unbound the conductor, and thus one after the other we were all set at liberty and upon our feet again. The wind had scattered all my papers and books; my first object was to collect them. The postilion and coachman set to work in the meantime to take up such of my linen as the robbers did not think worth carrying away, but I begged them not to put themselves to so much trouble, and thus secured myself a change on reaching Bayonne. I also recognised in the hands of some of my fellow-travellers a sheep-skin I had been advised at Madrid to furnish myself with, a silk handkerchief, and a cap, which I claimed, and which served to keep me warm while crossing the plateau of Burgos, which was covered with snow and hoar-frost. As to the cloak bequeathed to me by my young thief, the conductor claimed it as his, saying that it was the custom of the brigands thus to cover those whom they had robbed, to prevent their seeing what direction they moved off in. This rather lowered in my estimation the gratitude I owed to my young thief.

On arriving at the small village of Orquillas, about half a league from where we had been stopped, a different scene awaited us. The courier and conductor, to account for the delay in the arrival of the mail at Irun, thought it necessary to apply to the local authorities. We were all shown into the venta of the village, which consisted of little more

than a kitchen within four bare walls, in which a young girl endeavoured to make a fire with some damp weeds and roots of trees, which sent forth a vile odour and a thick smoke, which filled the place, and set all our eyes weeping. The alcade soon made his appearance in the venta, with the *fiel de fechos*—a species of *escrivano* or registrar—accompanied by some peasants with guns in their hands, representing the national guard. The alcade gravely seated himself by our sides on the wooden bench. He was about sixty years of age, clothed in an old cloak in rags, without any shirt; but *en revanche* he wore in great pride, a little tending to one side of his head, what was once a hat, but was now without any brim or top to the crown. The *escrivano* was younger, but apparently more intelligent. He wore a peasant's dress, but had on also a pair of boots, a cravat of red cotton, and a hat entire in all its parts. He placed himself behind a table close to the alcade, taking from his pocket pens, ink, and stamped paper.

The national guards were in jackets, and shod with *abarcas*, or square pieces of leather, fastened to their legs by long scraps crossed over them. The legs themselves were naked; and very few, if any, wore shirts. They looked upon us with a sort of contemptuous consequential smile. [Our depositions having been taken, the *escrivano* gave orders in the name of the alcade to the national guards.] He sent four of them in pursuit of the robbers, as he said, and four others were to accompany us. They loaded their muskets before us. The *escrivano* pulled out of his pocket a handful of small pistol balls, and distributed them to the men, who put several of them into their *trabucos*.

The ceremony being finished, the alcade rose up solemnly, took off his hat, the *escrivano* did the same, and recommended us to follow his example, and swear that our depositions were sincere and exact. We obeyed, and repeated after him the oath usually administered in courts of justice. [We were now favoured with a little brandy, by the politeness of the postilion, having no money of our own: it was very acceptable, for we had tasted nothing for fourteen hours, and were very cold.] We then set out with the four national guards, and at the first stage some cavalry soldiers were added. Thus, when we had nothing to lose, and when we were in a fit condition to brave all the brigands in Spain, we travelled along escorted like princes, and fed at the expense of the *mayoral*, who at every inn stood our guarantee as far as Irun.

POEMS BY CLARINDA.

[CLARINDA (Mrs McLehose), whose correspondence with Burns we lately noticed in the Journal, was the authoress of a few fugitive pieces of considerable taste and beauty. The following from the Appendix to the "Correspondence" will, we have no doubt, be read with pleasure.]

ON LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Talk not of Love! it gives me pain—
For love has been my foe:
He bound me in an iron chain,
And plunged me deep in woe!

But Friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was formed to prove—
The worthy object be of those,
But never talk of Love.

The "Hand of Friendship" I accept—
May honour be our guard,
Virtue our intercourse direct,
Her smiles our dear reward.

Your thought, if Love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought,
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought.

ON THE LOSS OF MY CHILD.

Does Heaven behold these sadly-falling tears,
Shed by a mother o'er her darling child?
Ah, blasted hopes! and heart-distracting fears,
That fill my breast with frantic sorrow wild!

Yes, Heaven beholds; from thence the stroke descends,
And Heaven alone can heal the wounds it gave.
Oh, Thou, who dost afflict for gracious ends,
Lead my sad soul to scenes beyond the grave!

'Tis there alone all tears are wiped away;
There death-divided friends shall part no more.
Oh, Thou Supreme! whose years know no delay,
Teach me thy dispensations to adore.

Weekly Chat-Chat.

Play writers have now-a-days no pleasant duty. They must compose pieces not so much for the purpose of "holding the mirror up to nature," as to suit the fancies of actors, a thing about as ridiculous as would be the writing of books to suit the taste of compositors. In a late article in Mr Jerrold's Illuminated Magazine, an ideal author, Mr Delahwang, who writes a play called the *Road to Riches*, submits his production to the manager of one of the metropolitan theatres, and receives it back along with the following characteristic letter:—"My dear Sir—We are all of opinion that the third act of your drama must be transposed with the first; because Mrs Z— (if she is to play your heroine) will not consent to appear in the dress you have described, after Miss Q— has already been seen by the audience in a similar costume. This is imperative. You must, my dear sir, if you wish the piece to *escape failure*, which now-a-days means *great success*, cut down your low comedy part. I acknowledge it is cleverly written, but it interferes unpleasantly with Mr —'s character, and he must be the feature, or he will not act at all. The part is too funny; you can reduce it to a mere walking gentleman. You can throw the jokes into the bit you have written for the second ballit, which is short enough, and he is never on in Mr —'s scenes. The supper and champagne you have described in the second act must be entirely omitted. In these times of theatrical economy, the management cannot afford any expensive extra properties; you can speak about them, which will do just as well. I agree that it will cut out some very brilliant dialogue—but what are we to do? I would advise you, in a friendly way, to alter the title of your piece, and simply call it by the name by which you have designated the character intended for Mr —. It will be quite worth the while of your music publishers to give the twenty guineas to Mrs Z—, if she will introduce the song you have pointed out. She objects to sing it for less. You must concede all these matters, or the play will be laid aside; for I understand that the reading in the room was *wholly ineffective*. Yours most sincerely, — P. S. Send it altered in the morning."

Female Wood Engravers.—We are glad to see, by announcements in the newspapers, that a class for the instruction of young women in wood-engraving has been lately established in the government School of Design, Somerset House, London.—No doubt there will be many competitors for instruction in this elegant art; but we should recommend no lady to think of applying herself to it, who is not already a proficient in drawing, both of figures and landscapes; for before the wood can be cut, it must be drawn upon, and therefore to be able to draw the subject with taste, is a matter of first importance; while taste in cutting, so as to bring out the true meaning of the lines and touches, is at the same time indispensable. With a preliminary knowledge of drawing, we should have no fears of soon seeing ladies attain an eminence in this lucrative and respectable profession; with ordinary diligence, they could at least very speedily rival the bulk of the persons who now profess to furnish wood-engravings for books. The publishers of the present sheet, who expend several hundreds of pounds per annum on wood-engravings for their works, have all along experienced the greatest difficulty in procuring the species of cuts which they require. A want of a thorough knowledge of drawing they feel to be a chief source of the difficulty.

Glory.—Mr Allen, in his work descriptive of the march through Seinde, presents the following scene, a fine comment on military glory:—"The entrance to the pass would have formed a fine subject for Salvator Rosa. The sun had not risen, and the gorge looked dark, gloomy, and threatening. I was between the quarter-master-general's party and the column; consequently, there were but few people, and one or two officers scattered about. The craggy and fantastic rocks towered almost perpendicularly on both sides, many of them quite so, to an enormous height. The foreground was occupied by the skeletons of the ill-fated troops, with the larger forms of camels and horses. The gray light of morning scarcely allowed the eye to penetrate the pass, which appeared entirely shut in. Large caravans and cultures, with flagging wings, were soaring heavily overhead. As we entered, the ghastly memorials of past calamity became more and more frequent. It is impossible to estimate their numbers, but the ground through the whole length of the pass, about five miles, was

cumbered with them. Some were gathered in crowds under rocks, as if to obtain shelter from the biting wind; we could conceive what it must have been in January, for such was the intensity of the cold, that we were almost all compelled to dismount and walk to keep life in our limbs, and the water froze in icicles on the legs of the horses. I counted in one place twelve skeletons huddled together in a little nook. Some, from their attitudes, appeared to be those of persons who had expired in great agony, probably from wounds. Most of them retained their hair, and the skin was dried on the bones, so that the hands and feet were little altered in form. Some were still covered with fragments of clothing, and here and there the uniform was discoverable. The horse and rider lay side by side, or men were seen clasped in each other's arms, as they had crowded together for warmth. One spot, where the pass was almost closed by rocks projecting from either side, was literally choked with the corpses of men, horses, and camels. It appeared as if a tremendous volley had been poured among them, or that the delay unavoidable in passing so narrow a gorge had caused them to drop from cold. A small ruined building, on the left of the road, was quite filled with dead bodies.

Progress of Quarrels.—The first germs of the majority of the disunions of mankind are generally sown by misconception, wrong interpretations of conduct—hazardous, very possibly, at moments of ill humour—and the whisperings and suggestions of suspicion, accused, perhaps, without any cause. The mutual coldness often turns, at first, upon paltry trifles; this feeling is then strengthened by absurd reports and statements; the effects of accident augment the evil. At last the false pride of neither party will give way, each must first see the other humbled; and thus, those perhaps who were completely adapted to mutually esteem and treasure each other, and possessed the means of rendering to one another essential services, part from each other's company in aversion. And does a mere trifle—for everything temporal and earthly is such—merit being the cause for rendering mutually our lives so bitter in every way? [Every reader can put this question to himself.]—From "*Hours of Meditation*," by Zschokke, a German writer.

The two highest chimneys in the world are those belonging to Messrs Charles Tennant and Company of Glasgow, and Mr James Muspratt of Newton, Lancashire. That of Messrs Tennant and Company is 436 feet, and that of Mr Muspratt 406 feet in height. The latter, however, is wider, and contains three millions of bricks, being a third more than what is in the former. We believe chimneys equally high are raising in other parts of the country.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

THE present, as it will be perceived, differs in size and appearance from the previous numbers of the Journal. The cause for this alteration will be briefly explained. Throughout the twelve years' existence of the work, its large size was the subject of constant complaint, which increased latterly in force, as the inconvenience of such bulky volumes in a library was more and more felt. We long resisted the demand for a change, from a dislike to give the least disturbance to the arrangements of a publication which had experienced so singular and unvarying a prosperity. At length, however, when on the point of completing the twelfth volume, we concluded that this disinclination on our part ought not any longer to stand in the way of the general wish of our readers. The present number, therefore, the first of the thirteenth volume, has been issued in a royal 8vo. size, and for convenience has been entitled the *First of a New Series*. By this alteration the Journal will in future range with CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, CYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, and PEOPLE'S EDITIONS.

As the object of this change is simply what has been stated—a mere matter of convenience, deemed likely to be agreeable to our readers, and for that reason possibly favourable to the interests of the work—we hardly feel called upon to make a single further remark on the present occasion. It may only be proper to say, that the Journal, in this its new size, contains precisely the same quantity of matter as formerly, that every other arrangement connected with the work remains unchanged, and that we contemplate carrying it on with, if possible, increased zeal and assiduity, as a miscellany of instructive and entertaining reading for all classes, and as an instrument for promoting the great cause of popular education.

A General Index for the preceding twelve volumes of the Journal has been prepared, and may be had along with any old numbers to complete sets.

W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

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